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THE GOSPEL OF CULTURE.

ONE of the penalties of distinction which has befallen Mr. Matthew Arnold is the clinging intimacy which his name has contracted of late years with a popular phrase—a phrase which is regarded by many, but perhaps a shade too readily, as a critical summary of his method. For the public his name is twinned with the word *culture*, as if by a second christening: people speak of Mr. Arnold as "the apostle of culture" with the same satisfaction, with something of the same easy antique content in the phrase, as that which one finds in the repetitious epithets of Homer. For many readers it is a mere formula of convenience; and indeed it is only the discreet minority of readers that we can credit with such a desire in this matter as that which Mr. Arnold translates from Joubert—his unlucky desire "to get a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and that phrase into one word." The word culture, indeed, is hardly a sufficient description here, nor is all said when we have pronounced Mr. Arnold "an apostle of culture." An apostle of culture undoubtedly he is; in culture, as he understands it, he has his being, and it is culture that he recommends to his readers. But let us inquire what he means by culture: how does he wear this noted weed, this irritating epithet?

In the various domains of criticism, whether literary, social, political, or religious, Mr. Arnold has done so much that it would be more convenient, were I purposing here to examine that body of criticism, as well as more accurate, to speak of his genius instead of his culture. But "culture" is the word which Mr. Arnold himself has adopted in his later writings, and we cannot drop it as a catchword, though it is certainly, to those who may not have attended carefully to what he means by it, a misleading term. And so, keeping to the name of culture, let us examine the content of the idea which it implies.

And how shall we best do this? Best, as it seems to me, by tracing the growth of this idea of culture, under whatever name, in the succession of his writings. Mr. Arnold's is a self-revelatory nature; his books, from earlier to later, represent discriminable stages of growth. In such a case there are special opportunites for analysis. The author who begins to write and publish at an early age, who writes and publishes often, and enough to represent fully the course of the thought, seems to grow before our eyes, as we read the spirit of his works, like the tree of the Indian juggler. In his earlier books we see the germinating of his controlling ideas; in his later they develop

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and come to flower and fruit. It is a magical spectacle, this of the author's growth, because it is shown us in a single reading of his works: a single reading brings the development of a lifetime into the range of a day's observation, and for the critic or the critical reader the spectacle is one of deep interest.

The growth of a fine mind is a more complex thing than that of a plant; but in this paper I purpose confining myself in the main to a single clue in Mr. Arnold's thought and method. From his writings, from earlier to later, I will seek to trace out and detach what he means by his so-called doctrine of culture, and what the doctrine may signify for us his readers.

And first: we shall find the substantial anticipation of that doctrine in his writings long before his critics, and long before he himself, had thought of giving it a name. In the critical preface to his poems of 1853 he conceives of culture as the effort toward perfection of spirit in ourselves. He is speaking of the high value which classical studies have for the poet's discipline, and upon the character of those who pursue them; and he says: "Their commerce with the ancients appears to me to produce, in those who constantly practise it, a steadying and composing effect upon their judgment, not of literary works only, but of men and events in general. They are like persons who have had a very weighty and impressive experience; they are more truly than others under the empire of facts, and more independent of the language current among those with whom they live. They wish neither to applaud nor to revile their age; they wish to know what it is, what it can give them, and whether this is what they want. What they want they know very well; they want to educe and cultivate what is best and noblest in themselves."

That passage contains, if not the fuller form and pressure of Mr. Arnold's doctrine of culture as developed in recent years, yet its clear premonition; in that passage, written at the age of thirty-one, is struck the keynote of the conception which we are to see gaining new elements and accretions in his later works. The doctrine is not yet named as culture, nor will it be so named for many years yet; but the conception is there, as that of growth in character. *To educe and cultivate what is best and noblest in us*—that is apparently more than what one of Mr. Arnold's critics, representing his less attentive readers, finds a sufficient conception of culture; namely, "a desirable quality in a critic of new books."

And surely this cultivation of what is best and noblest in us is not an unworthy object. Those even that do not believe in "culture" as vulgarly understood may admit this, though somewhat visionary, somewhat idealizing, it will doubtless seem to many; and to some it will appear a fit subject for ridicule. But let us not forget that this preface of Mr. Arnold's was written during those "days of ardor and emotion" to which he has recently referred in a note to one of his early poems. Like "The New Sirens," the early preface came from a time of "ardor and emotion"; and it shows the aspirations of a finely endowed nature in full play.

But at that time Mr. Arnold's thoughts were less with the world about him than now; his sympathies looked backward. It was in antiquity that the young poet mainly sought his nurture and his stimulus; in antiquity, with its record of "weighty and impressive experience." Weighty and impressive it surely is; and why? Because for us it is completed, serene. The deeds and the character of our own time may be as great, or greater if you will; but the dust clouds of controversy whirl around them, the false lights of prejudice and passion play upon them; the results which are to interpret them are still in the future. Is it strange that the student of perfection should choose to gaze upon the clearer horizon of the past? We may not know it well, or fully, and yet our sight of it, as far as our sight goes, may at least have definiteness; our thoughts of it may have a just coherence.

Mr. Arnold's first "clear dream and solemn vision" respecting the things of art and of life came thus to him in regarding the serener horizon of ancient times. That interest, however, was but a phase of his growth; that predominant occupation with the past was not to continue. He was to become, as in recent years we have seen him, a most effective critic of contemporary things. But at the time of which I speak he was still quite incurious about the thoughts, the doings, the ideals of this vaunted age of progress. With them, he says, "the poet can do nothing," and in "Merope" (1858) he treats an antique subject under the strictest forms of classic tragedy; noting, however, that he does it for beauty's sake and not because he considered Greek form as final. "The laws of Greek tragic art," he says in the critical preface to that work, "are not exclusive; they are for Greek dramatic art itself, but they do not pronounce other modes of dramatic art unlawful; they are, at the most, *prophecies of the improbability of dramatic success under other conditions.*" The latter clause of that opinion Mr. Arnold would hardly reaffirm now; but we are concerned with it here only so far as it indicates the dawn, or I should rather say the possibility of his greater interest in modern art and modern ideas.

From a very different movement of thought came Mr. Arnold's next publication, the lectures "On Translating Homer," which appeared in 1861. In these there is little expression of such moods as we have just considered; the aspiration, the self-questioning, the retrospection—these are not here; instead of these we see the soldier going out in harness, the combatant upon the intellectual *champclos*. In these admirable lectures the critical forces are liberated and in full play; never perhaps in English criticism were they in more brilliant play. Mr. Arnold's weapons are well tempered and cunningly handled. An active temperament, acute organic sensitiveness of intelligence and taste, a keen eye for both the broader and the subtler traits of his themes, a play of illustration ranging throughout the higher domains of European literature, as freely as the composer ranges among the modulations, and such a lustre and lucidity of expression, such a gift for making his ideas "shine" as English prose has seldom known—these were endowments from which we might well expect great things in literary criticism. These Mr. Arnold has, and these, in the "Lectures on Translating Homer," are put to the use of controversy; and his spear is tipped with a searching irony before which his opponents could not stand. As a combatant, we will not now follow Mr. Arnold; but it is a fascinating thing to see him joining at arms. We mark the salute to his antagonist, we mark the quick preliminary passes; presently there is a quick thrust, and the antagonist goes down; and then we see Mr. Arnold turning away with a light ironic smile, much as David turned away, when all was over, from Goliath of Gath, the great ancestor of Mr. Arnold's foes. And not only Philistines, but good and respectable scholars, men like Prof. Newman and other learned translators of Homer, could not withstand this magic irony; even Prof. Newman, with all his learning, went down before it, as the invaders of Granada, in Irving's tale, were put to rout by the enchanted lance of Aben Habuz. These lectures are the flower of culture, but of culture militant; a bitter and thorny blossom have they been to Mr. Arnold's adversaries! In these lectures he rejoices in his strength; and sometimes, perhaps, a little too much after the manner of the unregenerate. But that is human nature, and over the natural man Mr. Arnold himself would hardly claim to have gained through culture—much less does he claim to instance in his writings—the complete and final triumph. In these lectures, indeed, he disclaims all rancor toward Prof. Newman; and what he says in such a case we are bound to believe. But can the able and learned Prof. Newman quite believe it? would he quite believe it though he should live a hundred years, and came at last to see, with Mr. Arnold, that in his translation of Homer "he has chosen quite the wrong field for turning his ability and learning to account"?

If these admirable lectures, then, are culture militant, we find again a graver mood in his next work, "A French Eton" (1864). Of culture much is said in this work; but in its special and doctrinal sense the word is not yet used. This passage, describing the limitations of an aristocratic class, will give an idea of what Mr. Arnold then meant by the term, and how this conception of it is enlarging itself:

"Whatever may be its culture," he says, "an aristocratic class will always have at bottom, like the young man in Scripture with great possessions, an inaptitude for ideas; but besides this, high culture or ardent intelligence, pervading a large body of the community, acquire a breadth of basis, a sum of force, an energy of central heat for radiating further, which they can never possess when they pervade a small upper class only."

Here it is intimated that culture is to look beyond the individual, that it is, or should be, an affair of radiation as well as of internal illumination—an idea of which we shall find the full development in some of Mr. Arnold's later works.

In the "Essays on Criticism," collected in 1865, the doctrine of culture receives its full legitimate content; but it does not as yet receive the name of culture. In these essays, however, it has a name. It is called "criticism" and "the spirit of criticism," and what he describes under this provisional name, in his essay on "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," is identical with what we shall find him naming as "culture" four years later. Identical, that is to say, so far as the conception of 1865 is coextensive with that of 1869; for the later definition, though it contradicts nothing in the earlier, includes more; somewhat more, indeed, than can perhaps be claimed quite justly for culture.

But what an admirable conception he has of this "spirit of criticism"! The business of criticism, he says, is "simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by in its turn making this known, to create a current of true and fresh ideas. Its business is to do this with inflexible honesty, with due ability; but its business is to do no more, and to leave alone all questions of practical consequences and applications, questions which will never fail to have due prominence given to them."

The essay from which that passage is taken contains, as one of Mr. Arnold's critics (Mr. Hewlett) has remarked, the germ of the important book on "Culture and Anarchy." And in that work, little known among us, because not reprinted here, the doctrine with which we are now concerned finally receives its definition as *culture.*

If now we bring together some passages from that work, we shall see how much Mr. Arnold has come to claim for culture. It is in general, he says, "a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know, on all the matters which most concern us, the best which has been thought and said in the world, and, through this knowledge, turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits." It does not consist in "a smattering of Greek and Latin . . . no serious man would call this *culture.*" "The thing, call it by what name we will, is simply the enabling ourselves, whether by reading, observing, or thinking, to come as near as we can to the firm, intelligible law of things, and thus to get a basis for a less confused action and a more complete perfection than we have at present."

Again: "The Greek words *ἀφυία, εὐφυία,* a finely tempered nature, a coarsely tempered nature, give exactly the notion of perfection as culture brings us to conceive of it; a perfection in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present, which unites 'the two noblest of things'—as Swift, who of one of the two, at any rate, had himself all too little, most happily calls them in his 'Battle of the Books'—'the two noblest of things, sweetness and light.'"

Not that sweetness and light are always and everywhere the things most wanted. Mr. Arnold concedes very freely that "fire and strength," in the phrase of one of his critics, have often been lacking in times and in communities that we could name. He says, for instance: "It may be true that the Roman world at the beginning of our era, or Leo the Tenth's court at the time of the Reformation, or French society in the eighteenth century, needed fire and strength even more than sweetness and light." And even now "the old Roman way of dealing" with rioters and rioting he finds to be the right one; namely, in the words of his father, Dr. Arnold, to "flog the rank and file, and fling the ringleaders from the Tarpeian rock."

But in the main, he says, the special need of our energetic Anglo-Saxon civilization is not so much an increase of energy, strictness, "Hebraism," as he calls it, as greater intelligence, more love of ideas, more spontaneity of consciousness—the traits that he summarizes as "Hellenism"; and he adds, with great lucidity and discrimination: "What I say is, not that Hellenism is always for everybody more wanted than Hebraism, but that for the Rev. W. Cattle, at this particular moment, and for the great majority of us his fellow countrymen, it is more wanted."

"Any glance at the world around us shows that with us, with the most respectable and strongest part of us, the ruling force is now, and long has been, a Puritan force, the care for fire and strength. . . . Well, then, what is the good of our now rehearsing the praises of fire and strength to ourselves, who dwell on them too exclusively already?"

And at the present time, he adds: "Though for resisting anarchy the lovers of culture may prize and employ fire and strength, yet they must, at the same time, bear constantly in mind that it is not at this moment true, what the majority of people tell us, that the world wants fire and strength more than sweetness and light, and that things are for the most part to be settled first and understood afterward. . . . The true business of the friends of culture now is, to dissipate this false notion, to spread the belief in right reason and in a firm intelligible love of things, and to get men to try, in preference to stanchly acting with imperfect knowledge, to obtain some sounder basis of knowledge on which to act."

Thus the culture which Mr. Arnold praises is not quite the trivial thing which some have thought it to be; it is, on the contrary, intelligent thinking and wise acting—a sufficiently important concern, if the opponents of "culture" will permit us to say so. Nor is it a merely self-regarding intelligence, a wisdom in personal conduct, that Mr. Arnold advocates under the name of culture. Strenuous insistance he makes upon the idea that culture is not to end, but to begin with the individual. He is very explicit upon this point. He says, for instance:

"Culture looks beyond machinery; culture hates hatred; culture has but one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. Yes, it has one yet greater; the passion for making them *prevail.* It is not satisfied till we are *all* come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light." "It is *a study of perfection.* It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good." It "leads us to conceive of no perfection as being real which is not a *general* perfection, embracing all our fellow men with whom we have to do." And again: "Perfection, as culture conceives it, is not possible while the individual remains isolated; the individual is obliged, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march toward perfection, to be continually doing all he can to enlarge and increase the volume of the human stream sweeping thitherward; and here, once more, it lays on us the same obligation as religion."

That is a sufficiently generous definition; and how shall this culture be diffused, how shall it make its ideas prevail?

First of all, it must be quite disinterested; it must have nothing to do with bustling rivalries; and more than this, it must be clearly seen to be quite disinterested by the bustling persons who do not care for the things of the mind. Of such persons he says: "Certainly they will be less slow to believe, as we want them to believe, that the intelligible law of things has in itself something desirable and precious, and that all place, function, and bustle are hollow goods without it, if they see that we can content ourselves with it, and find in it our satisfaction without making it an instrument to give us for ourselves place, function, and bustle."

And therefore, he adds, "public life and direct political action are not much permitted to the believer in culture."

But what is the active and practical duty of the student of culture? It is one of high importance; it is one that is often thankless; and it is this, to make disinterested criticism.

"The whole value of its training, to a nation which gets the training of self-government, depends upon its being told plainly of its mistakes and prejudices; for mistakes and prejudices a large body will always have, and to follow these without let or hindrance is not the training we want, but freedom to act, with a most searching criticism of our way of acting." In England, he says, there is great need of such criticism; and surely here, as well as in England, "the functions of a disinterested literary class—a class of non-political writers, having no organized and embodied set of supporters to please, simply setting themselves to observe and report faithfully, and looking for favor to those isolated persons only, scattered all through the community, whom such an attempt may interest—are of incalculable importance."

To that position there can be, I think, no serious rejoinder. Doubtless neither men with culture nor men without it can bring us to any easy goal of wisdom, whether respecting politics or the arts, or life, or science. Doubtless few men have the ability to speak upon these subjects with profit. But even among the few who have the ability, how very few are in a situation to look for right conclusions; how very few can afford to tell them if they find them! How few are not silenced by their position, their ambition, their wants! And when we find an able and conscientious writer, who has no party, or journal, or church, or convention that biases his sincerity of speech, to him, says Mr. Arnold, let us listen!

We can now see what is included in Mr. Arnold's idea of culture. It is considerably more than is generally included under that word; but whether Mr. Arnold's definition be a just one is a secondary question. His idea is the important thing; and by whatever name we call it, it would seem to be quite a different thing from anything that we commonly mean in America when we speak of culture. Compare this conception of its nature, its ways, its office, with what we sometimes hear spoken of, for instance, either in laudation or dispraise, as "Boston culture." What is commonly suggested to us when we hear "Boston culture" named? Do we get the idea of "a free and fresh stream of thought," of "a disinterested play of consciousness upon stock notions and habits"? Do we get the idea of a "single-minded love of perfection"? or of the desire to make that perfection prevail? Generally, I think, we do not quite get that idea; more frequently we get the idea, when Boston culture is mentioned, of an intellectual state somewhat, if I may say so, at second hand, somewhat deficient in a vital play of thought and in just perceptions, and so liable, perhaps, to the errors of slightness, of conceit, of affectation, rather than to those of original power and impulse. And for persons who may have found themselves dissatisfied with the idea of "Boston culture," who may have been unable to free it, in their minds, from the notion of what is sometimes called "priggishness," and who are therefore disposed to look upon everything that bears the name of culture as blameworthy—for such recalcitrants it might be worth while to return to what Mr. Arnold means by culture, as being, on the other hand, "a fresh and free play of the best thoughts upon our stock notions and habits," a striving toward "perfection of spirit," and a disinterested effort to make that perfection prevail! So considering, such a person might come to look more kindly upon the notion of culture, as implying higher and better things than the common notion ascribes to it, as implying originality, zeal, and good will; and finally, such a person might come to quit the camp of those who gird at the name of culture.

And with us, alas, how large is that class, and how many of even our educated men does it include! For with us the rule of the majority presses heavily upon even the educated men; and these catch up and repeat the common gibes at culture. They live and breathe in an atmosphere of commonplace ideas; it is their misfortune to take the tone of their thought from that of men who do not know the light.

It will not now be hard to see why Mr. Arnold's gospel of culture has found so many opponents. So effective a writer, indeed, will seldom want for enemies, especially when he attempts the dangerous task of criticising his countrymen. For in England, as here, the voice of the majority is a power in literary judgments, or in political and social, that is perhaps too little checked by right reason, and "telling the truth to power," as Haydon said, speaking from experience, "is a crime that can only be expiated by the ruin and destruction of the man who is so patriotic and so independent." In England Mr. Arnold's range of thought and expression must necessarily be restricted by his public; and what he does think and express must meet with much unintelligent opposition. Let us look at some of the objections brought against his doctrine.

First, there is the charge of slightness and frivolity, which he has himself stated amusingly: "All sorts of objections are raised," he says, "against the 'religion of culture,' as the objectors mockingly call it, which I am supposed to be promulgating. It is said to be a religion proposing parmaceti, or some scented salve or other, as a cure for human miseries; a religion breathing a spirit of cultivated inaction, making its believer refuse to lend a hand at uprooting the definite evils on all sides of us, and filling him with antipathy against the reforms and reformers which try to extirpate them. . . . An intelligent American newspaper, 'The Nation,' says that it is very easy to sit in one's study and find fault with the course of modern society, but the thing is to propose practical improvements for it. While, finally, Mr. Frederick Harrison gets moved to an almost stern moral impatience, to behold, as he says, 'Death, sin, cruelty, stalk among us, filling their maws with innocence and youth,' and me, in the midst of the general tribulation, handing out my pouncet-box."

And Mr. Arnold is by no means indifferent to his critics. He goes on to say, "It is impossible that all those remonstrances and reproofs should not affect me, and I shall try my very best, in completing my design, to profit by the objections I have heard and read, and to drive at practice as much as I can, by showing the communications and passages into practical life from the doctrine which I am inculcating."

But we have already seen what no careful reader of Mr. Arnold's works needs to be told of—the elevation and seriousness that are of the essence of his temper. With all his irony, which, though it is unequal in pungency, has been well compared to the irony of Socrates, with all his lightness and lustre of style, he is eminently, like Socrates, an ardent thinker, a lover of ideas, a seeker of perfection. That we may sufficiently see in the preface of 1853, from which I have quoted. But these deeper traits of his genius did not catch the attention of his critics so soon as the more conspicuous traits; and on the other hand the finished beauty and power of his style are quite beyond the appreciation of the commonplace mind. Until lately, in a word, Mr. Arnold wrote above his audiences; the best that was in his substance, the beauty of his manner, were not at first understood; and the reproach of him as the apostle of a frivolous culture thus became possible.

It was in "Culture and Anarchy" that Mr. Arnold made his first appeal to a popular hearing. There he sought to reach a much larger audience than heretofore; he first addressed the generality of readers in the middle classes; and these people, the "Philistines" of his earlier censure, are now appealed to for sympathy. Their land is recognized, truly enough, as being a field fit for culture, if not quite ready for the harvest. But how was Mr. Arnold to commend culture to the masses? By using the watchwords that they knew, the watchwords of morality, philanthropy, and religion; as Wordsworth had used them before him to commend the "religion of nature" to notice. But Mr. Arnold is adroiter in his method, as we can now see, than Wordsworth was when he adopted an unvarying seriousness of style to prove that he was not puerile and affected. Mr. Arnold preferred to retain his lightness and charm of manner, and so to retain his readers instead of repelling them; and doubtless this was the better thing to do; it was the only method by which Mr. Arnold could commend speculative or ideal notions, outside of the accepted conventions, to the British middle classes. For no intelligent body of people in Christendom, as I take it, has after all less real interest in new ideas than the British middle classes, unless it be the British aristocratic classes; and any one who writes for a British audience must first of all make it clear, not that his ideas are new or interesting or suggestive, but that they have "a sound moral tendency." It is this that makes it an intellectual misfortune to be born an Englishman, if one has anything new to say; and it is this that has made it necessary for Mr. Arnold to say such untenable things as that culture and religion come to the same conclusions, or that the essential trait of culture is "the moral and social passion for doing good."

Doubtless, these propositions are quite faulty. As a matter of definition, culture is by no means either morality, or philanthropy, or religion, or a fourth term including the other three. Culture has to do primarily with one's duty to his own intelligence, not primarily to his conduct; it has primarily nothing to do with his duty to his neighbor. Mr. Arnold's extension of the senses of the word is at bottom unjustifiable; and with what compunctions his exquisite literary sense must have visited him in the transgression! We may be sure that nothing would have driven him to his later definitions but the necessity under which he felt or found himself—that of impressing "the wits of the heavy-headed, horny-eyed British Philistine," as Mr. Swinburne picturesquely calls him. It is in "Culture and Anarchy" that he first baits his hook with the word culture, and points out those "passages into practical life" from his doctrine of which I have spoken.

But how much more attractive, and therefore more effective, is this method than one which an inferior writer might have used! With what art has Mr. Arnold led up to the discussion of the various questions which he attacks! An inferior artist would have written a book on "Political Morality" or "Social Obligation," which nobody would have read; not so Mr. Arnold. Beginning with the name of culture, in which there was nothing minatory, he leads his readers onward from that unusual point of approach, and finally confronts them with some of the great questions of politics and of conduct. It was a device; but we should remember that Mr. Arnold had the thankless duty before him of criticising his countrymen. And surely there was never a happier device than this of leading the public to serious self-examination and criticism under the attractive name of culture. "Being crafty, I caught you with guile." As a device, let who will blame it. I am not at all sure that the end does not here justify some inaccuracy of procedure in the means. It was surely a fortunate plan thus to invite the public to take an interest in "the study of perfection."

We have now seen how groundless is the charge of frivolity brought against Mr. Arnold's work. Let us look at some of the more serious charges which "the doctrine of culture" has to meet. For that doctrine has received quite other blame than that of the ignorant or the prejudiced; it has incurred in England, and will incur here, when it shall be more generally known, the enmity of instituted religious sentiment. The causes of this enmity do not lie exactly upon the surface; antecedently, one would say, that a system of culture which included so much morality and philanthropy as Mr. Arnold's includes should find special favor with the church. A single passage, however, will show what is Mr. Arnold's attitude in this matter, and what is the *gravamen* of his offence. In "Culture and Anarchy" he is asking the important question, "in what human perfection consists," and on this he says that religion and culture give one answer. "Religion comes to a conclusion identical with that which culture—seeking the determination of this question through all the voices of human experience which have been heard upon it, art, science, poetry, philosophy, history, as well as religion, in order to give a greater fulness and certainty to its solution—likewise reaches. . . . Culture places human perfection in an *internal* condition, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, . . . in the general harmonious expansion of those gifts of thought and feeling which make the peculiar dignity, wealth, and happiness of human nature."

Now this startling claim, put forth as it were in passing, implied rather than directly stated, is all the more cogent from its seeming indirection, from its enunciation as a matter of course, as a point that only the unwise would call in question. And indeed for the antagonists at whom Mr. Arnold aims this manner is very trying. One of them, I do not now remember who, utters an ejaculation of torment under it: "What Mr. Arnold says may be all very well," he cries out, "but then he has such an intolerable way of saying it." But to the mere observer Mr. Arnold's ingenuous manner, when as above he names religion as but one of the sources of culture, reminds one of the *enfant terrible* who says things that he should not, and in all simplicity, and who is for that reason the more alarmingly revelatory. When Mr. Arnold remarks that culture "coincides with religion," or even in some respects "goes beyond religion, as religion is generally conceived," he becomes the pietist's *enfant terrible.* I need hardly remark that Mr. Arnold's frame of mind, in controversial matters, is by no means clearly akin to that of innocent simplicity. Well he knows the effect that he seeks to produce, and few things are pleasanter to me than his latent humor in this method—which in his hands becomes an effective weapon of controversy, as Mr. Arnold's critics know—the method of quiet implication, of assuming the most serious *posita* as matter of course. These passing touches of implication have upon readers not wholly prepossessed the effect of a stimulant to thought, of a counter charm against the prejudices which lie in wait for us at every corner; and for such readers Mr. Arnold performs a service like that of the vineyarder who applies the *phylloxera* antidote to the roots of the young vines. But to the hardened pietist this light touch of Mr. Arnold's is a very active irritant, a sudden shock, a stroke from the clear sky. When he tells us that culture will consult many voices of human experience besides religion—"art, science, poetry, philosophy, history, as well as religion"—Mr. Arnold says an excellent and useful thing. But upon the hardened pietist, to whom the spell of the word "religion" is *sacred*, this passing remark, in which Mr. Arnold says so little, but implies so much, has a peculiarly tormenting effect. This remark is in what dogmatic writers call the "method of indirect attack"; and it is none the less effective for being indirect. It is like the glancing of a cannon shot fired at sea; there is a quick touch, a flash of spray, and the ball goes on toward the mark; but where it glanced the fishes lie stunned in the water. The fishes are the pietists.

It is, therefore, a quite sufficient cause of offence to a large body of Englishmen that Mr. Arnold's conception of culture should thus ally itself upon equal terms with religion. Very naturally that becomes the rock of stumbling with his orthodox critics. Henceforward the current of his teaching cannot run smooth, but must break over many a stubborn obstacle in its course; it must beat against the stony barriers of religious prejudice in Great Britain. And from Canterbury bishops and other obstructive persons in high places to "the Rev. Mr. Cattle" and the whole flock of the "hole-and-corner" churches, as Mr. Arnold, not with eminent sweetness of phrase, has called the Dissenters and their chapels, what a number of obstructive persons he has found in the way!

But again it is not only those who find Mr. Arnold frivolous or irreligious that object to his doctrine of culture. Serious thinkers have said that he is putting forth dangerous doctrine, much as it was said of his master, Socrates. We remember that Socrates advocated a searching criticism of stock ideas, a free play of consciousness upon questions of politics and religion; and consequently he was accused by his countrymen—not only by the Bœotians, but by the old-school Athenians too—of impairing the old-fashioned virtues, of making the youth less fond of their country, of breaking up their faith: this frivolous talker, as Eupolis called him, τὸν Σωκράτην τὸν πτωχὸν ἀδολέσχην, was said to be taking the very manliness out of the young men. That is just what is said by some to-day about Mr. Arnold; and the objection is not brought by the ruck of critics merely; it is brought by so competent a person as Mr. Hutton:

"Nothing," he says, "is so dangerously liable to anarchy, anarchy or a very passive and fatal kind, as mere culture, the culture which teaches us to despise vulgar errors without teaching us to put much confidence in any authority such as this imperfect life can show. Culture is specially liable to an anarchy of its own."

Surely there was something better

than this to be said of Mr. Arnold by Mr. Hutton. His remark is doubtless true enough in terms. In every old community there is a class of men who deserve this blame—men whose minds are mainly obstructive and negative in their ways of acting. But, as we have seen, this is by no means the case with Mr. Arnold, nor with the culture that Mr. Arnold recommends: and this blame does not apply either to him or to it. Nothing could well be more strenuous in its way than Mr. Arnold's ideal. If I were asked to define it in a phrase, I should call it a gospel of *strenuous intellection;* and strenuous intellection is quite another thing than the "mere culture" of which Mr. Hutton permits himself to speak. That phrase of "mere culture" indeed is meaningless as applied to the ideas of Mr. Arnold: and it comes to us with surprise from the pen of a writer generally so discriminating, generally so sincere in his thinking, as Mr. Hutton. It is hard to judge at this distance, but I am bound to say that it has a little of the air of disingenuousness for Mr. Hutton to talk in the same paragraph about "mere culture" and about Mr. Arnold. It has, at least, something of the air and manner of that clap-trap which besets the best English minds; which perhaps even Mr. Arnold himself, in his later religious discussions, has not entirely escaped. And to those who have followed my outline of Mr. Arnold's thought it will not be necessary to say that with "mere culture," as Mr. Hutton calls it, with its emasculate thoughts and practice, Mr. Arnold has nothing whatever to do.

Mr. Arnold's idea of culture reappears under the name of "Geist" in his satire entitled "Friendship's Garland," another of his books unreprinted here, and also in his later criticism, religious and other; and in future works we shall probably see it under new names. But we have followed it far enough to know what it is. For Mr. Arnold culture means the old doctrine, "high living and high thinking"—the life that is needed in all times and countries, and in our own time by no countries more, he thinks, than by England and America. What the faults and limitations of his doctrines are I do not now ask. Upon the side of science it is vulnerable. But though it were more exposed to criticism than it is, Mr. Arnold's teaching remains the most valuable criticism of contemporary things that is now being written in English. For his "gospel of culture" is nothing less than his doctrine of life.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

THOU AND I.

FROM THE SPANISH OF BONALDE.

THOU art the muse, I am the lyre;
Thou art the sap, and I the tree;
I am the field, thou the sun fire
That ripens me.

I am the nest, thou art the bird;
The wave am I, and thou the flood;
I am the brain where thought is stirred,
Thou the life blood!

The Earth am I. thou art the Heaven!
I shade, thou light; I part, thou whole.
I am the body that the soul may live in;
Thou art the soul!

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

By Justin McCarthy.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN EPISODE.

THAT was an odd and on the whole a wondrous pleasant time. In all her mental trouble and perplexity Minola could not help enjoying it. It was like a great holiday—like some extravagant kind of masquerading or private theatricals. It was impossible that one's spirits could go down, or at least that they could remain long down, under such circumstances. Life was a perpetual rattle and excitement; and the company was full of mirth. Even Victor Heron himself, for all his earnestness, went on as if the whole affair were some enormous joke. Electioneering appeared to be the best sort of pastime devisable. They all sat up until the morning concocting appeals to the electors, addresses to this or that interest supposed to be affected, attacks on the opposite party—not, however, on Mr. Sheppard personally—squibs about the Tories, denunciations of the ministry, exhortations to the women of Keeton, the mothers of Keeton, the daughters of Keeton, and every class in and about Keeton who could be regarded as in the least degree open to the impulses of national or patriotic feeling. Some of these appeals had to be prepared in the absence and without the knowledge of the candidate whom they were intended to serve. Heron was so sensitive about what he considered fair play that he was inclined as far as he could to restrain rather unduly even the good spirits of his chief supporters, and not to allow them to deal half as freely as they could have wished in the weapons of sarcasm and ridicule. Minola was developing quite a remarkable capacity for political satire, and Lucy Money was indefatigable at copying documents. There were meetings held day and night, and Victor sometimes made a dozen speeches in the course of a single afternoon.

Scarcely less eloquent did Mr. Money prove himself to be. He never failed, when called upon, to stand up anywhere and recount the misdeeds of the ministry, and the crimes generally of the aristocracy of Britain, in language which went to the very hearts of his hearers; and he had a rough, telling humor which kept his audience amused in the midst of all the horrors that his description of the country's possible ruin might have brought up before their minds. Mr. Money took the middle-aged electors immensely; but there could be little doubt that the suffrages of the women, if they had any, would have been given freely in favor of the eloquence and the candidature of Victor Heron.

Sometimes it was delightful when a night came, after all the meetings and speech-makings were over, and it happened by strange chance that there was nothing more to do in the way of electioneering just then. For then the little party of friends would shut themselves up in their drawing-room, and chat and laugh, and sing and play on the piano, and make jokes, and discuss all manner of odd and fantastic questions, until long after prudence ought to have commended sleep. Minola sang whenever anybody asked her, although she never sang for listeners in London; and she sang, if she could, whatever her audience wished to hear. Lucy played and sang very prettily too. Victor Heron had picked up in his colonial experiences and his wanderings about the world many sweet, wild, untutored songs of savage and semi-savage races and tribes, and he sang them with a dramatic skill and